

Chenxi Fu

bass

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Michael Meraw

with
Justin Williams, piano
Brian Choy, double bass

Monday, May 1, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

Carl Loewe
(1796–1869)

Liederkranz für die Baßstimme, op. 145

Meeresleuchten
Im Sturme
Heimlichkeit
Reiterlied
Der Feind (Der Mensch)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Per questo bella mano, KV 612

Brian Choy, double bass

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

from *Four Last Songs*

Tired

from *Songs of Travel*

The Infinite Shining Heavens
Bright is the Ring of Words

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Automne, op. 18 no. 3
Les berceaux, op. 23 no. 1
Seule!, op. 3 no. 2

Hwang Yau-tai
(1912–2010)

Black mist (黑霧)

Fu-tong Wong
(b. 1948)

The River All Red (滿江紅)

*Chenxi Fu is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by
the Emma Eames Scholarship Fund.*

Meeresleuchten

*Wieviel Sonnenstrahlen fielen goldenschwer,
fielen feurig glühend in des ew'ge Meer!
Und die Woge sog sie tief in sich hinab,*

*und die Woge ward ihr wild lebendig Grab.
Nur in stiller Nächte heilger Feierstund'
sprühen diese Strahlen aus des Meeres Grund.*

*Leuchtend roll'n die Wogen durch die dunkle
Nacht
wunderbar durchglüht sie funkensprüh'nde
Pracht.*

Im Sturme

*Bangt dir mein Lieb? Ich bin ja bei dir!
Es braust das Meer, und der Himmel ist dunkel.
Siest du den Leuchtturms, sein magisch
Gefunkel?*

*Bangt dir mein Lieb? Du bist ja bei mir!
Die Wogen donnern, der Himmel erzittert!
Ärmlicher Nachen, bist balde zersplittert!*

Heimlichkeit

*Mein Herz, o schließ dich ein! Es nah'n die
Weihestunden!
Nur im Alleinesein hast du dich selbst gefunden.
Knospe der Frühlingszeit! verhüllt von weichem
Mose!
Es blüht aus Heimlichkeit die allerschönste Rose!*

Karl Siebel

Reiterlied

*Der Wald ist schwarz, die Luft ist klar,
In Frühlicht glüht das Tal.
Der Morgenduft netzt Bart und Haar,
die Perle rinnt am Stahl.
Mein Rösslein fromm,
Mein Rösslein komm,
Wir reiten, wir reiten!*

Ocean Lights

How many sunbeams fell golden-heavy,
Fell glowing like fire into the eternal sea!
And the waves drew them down, deep
within,
And the waves became their living tomb.
Only in the peaceful hour of the quiet night
And these rays released from the sea's
depths.
Shining, the waves roll through the dark
night
Shimmering wondrously with glittering
splendor.

In the Storm

Are you afraid my love? I am with you!
The sea roars and the sky is dark.
Do you see the lighthouse, its magical
twinkling?
Are you afraid my love? You are with me!
The waves thunder , the sky tremble!
My poor skiff is almost shattered!

Secrecy

My heart, oh close yourself up! The solemn
hours approach!
Only in solitude have you found yourself
Bud of springtime! Covered with soft moss!
The most beautiful rose blooms in secrecy!

Song of the rider

The forest is black, the air is clear,
in the early light the valley glows.
Morning dew moisten beard and hair,
and pearls run down the steel.
My sturdy little horse,
My little-horse come,
we ride, we ride!

*Du Vater und du Mutter mein
Du Freundschaft allzumal!
Ihr dürft um mich nicht traurig sein,
's ist einmal meine Wahl.
Ich geb' mein Blut,
Ich geb' mein Gut
Um's Reiten.*

*Bin gar ein stürmischer Gesell',
Der Reiter ist der Wind;
Und wo ein Röslein blüht zur Stell',
Da wird es warm und lind,
Küsst sein Gesicht,
Ob's will, ob nicht,
Im Reiten, im Reiten.*

*Gehab' dich wohl, lieb Röselein,
Hab' Dank für deinen Kuss!
Weil ich nun wieder Sturmwind sein
Und Eichen fällen muss.
Mir lässt der Streit
Zur Lieb' nicht Zeit,
Muss reiten, muss reiten.*

Oscar von Redwitz-Schmölz

Der Feind

*Der Adler lauscht auf seinem Horst;
der Keiler rauscht zur Kesselforst;
das Kätzlein klinkt am Ast sich fest;
der Wolf, er hinkt zum Felsenest;
das Dammwild streicht zum Dickicht ein;
der Fuchs still schleicht zum Bau hinein;
aufstutzt, hinflitzt das scheue Reh;
die Löffel spitzt der Has' im Klee;
die Ente duckt im düstern Rohr,
das Fischlein guckt nicht mehr hervor;
und Alles schweigt im Hinterhalt!
Der Mensch sich zeigt, geht durch den Wald.*

Ernst Scherenberg

Father and mother,
and all you friends!
do not be sad for me,
It is just my choice.
I would give my blood,
I would give my possessions,
for riding, for riding.

I am even a stormy fellow,
the rider is the wind;
and wherever a little rose blooms,
There will be it warm and sweet
Kiss its face
whether will, or not,
While riding, while riding.

Farewell, dear little rose,
thank you for your kiss!
For I am again the stormy wind
and must bring down oaks.
For lover's quarrels
I have no time
I must ride, I must ride.

The Enemy

The eagle listens in its aerie;
the wild boar crashes to the wooded-hollow;
the little cat clings firmly to the branch;
the wolf limps to his rocky lair;
the forest creatures move into the thicket;
the fox sneaks quietly into his den;
startled, the shy doe darts away;
the hare pricks up his ears in the clover
the duck cowers in the shadow of the reeds
the little fist no longer peeks out;
and everything is silent as if lying in wait!
A man appears and walks through the wood.

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Per questa bella mano

*Per questa bella mano,
Per questi vaghi rai
Giuro, mio ben, che mai
Non amerò che te.
L'aure, le piante, i sassi,
Che i miei sospir ben sanno,
A te qual sia diranno
La mia costante fé.
Volgi lieti o fieri sguardi,
Dimmi pur che m'odi o m'ami,
Sempre acceso ai dolci dardi,
Sempre tuo vo' che mi chiami,
Né cangiar può terra o cielo
Quel desio che vive in me.*

Anonymous

Tired

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper
holding you in my arm,
glad that you lie so near at last.
This sheltering midnight is our meeting place,
no passion or despair or hope divide me from your side.
I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face,
I shall remember shadows growing deeper
as the fire fell to ashes and the minutes passed.

Ursula Vaughan Williams

The infinite shining heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.
I saw them distant as heaven
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.
Night after night in my sorrow
The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me!

Because of this beautiful hand

Because of this beautiful hand,
Because of these charming eyes
I swear, my beloved, that I will never
love anyone but you.
The breezes, the plants, the rocks,
that know well my sighs,
they will tell you
of my constant fidelity.
Grant me either happy or cruel glances;
tell me if you hate me or love.
Always enflamed by your sweet glances,
I want you to say that I am yours forever,
Neither heaven or earth can change
the desire that I feel in me.

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Bright is the ring of words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them
Fair the fall of songs
when the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said
On wings they are carried
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.
Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion
bring The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings,
And the maid remembers.

R. L. Stevenson

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants,

*Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.
Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,*

*– Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse! –
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés*

*Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse.
Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur*

*Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon cœur,*

Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Armand Silvestre

Autumn

Autumn of misty skies, of heart-breaking
horizons,

of swift sunsets, of pale dawns,
I watch flow by, like torrential water,
your days filled with melancholy.

My spirits, borne away on the wings of
regrets,

–as if it our life could be reborn!
wander, while dreaming, over the enchanted
hills,

where once smiled my youth.

I feel, in the bright sunlight of memory
triumphant,

scattered roses flower again in bouquets;
and some tears well up in my eyes, which my
heart

in my twenty years had forgotten!

Les Berceaux

*Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.*

Sully Prudhomme

Seule!

*Dans un baiser, l'onde au rivage
Dit ses douleurs:
Pour consoler la fleur sauvage,
L'aube a des pleurs;
Le vent du soir conte sa plainte
Aux vieux cyprès,
La tourterelle au térébinthe
Ses longs regrets.*

Aux flots dormants, quand tout repose,

*Hors la douleur,
La lune parle, et dit la cause
De sa pâleur.
Ton dôme blanc, Sainte-Sophie,
Parle au ciel bleu,
Et, tout rêveur, le ciel confie
Son rêve à Dieu.*

*Arbre ou tombeau, colombe ou rose,
Onde ou rocher,
Tout, ici-bas, a quelque chose
Pour s'épancher...
Moi, je suis seul, et rien au monde
Ne me répond,
Rien que ta voix morne et profonde,*

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.
But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.
And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000), provided
courtesy of Oxford Lieder- www.oxfordlieder.co.uk*

Alone!

In a kiss, upon the shore, the wave
tells of its suffering;
to console the wild flower,
the dawn has tears;
the evening wind says its lament
to the old cypresses,
the dove, to the terebinth,
its long regrets.

To the sleeping waves, when everything is
resting,
beyond pain,
the moon speaks, and says the cause
of its pallor.
Your white dome, Saint Sophia,
speaks to the blue sky,
and, quite dreamily, the sky confides
its dream to God!

Tree or tomb, dove or rose,
wave or rock,
all, here below, has something
to which to pour its heart out...
Me, I am alone, and nothing in the world
answers me,
nothing but your mournful and deep voice,

Sombre Hellespont!

Théophile Gautier

黑雾

东边看不见太阳·
西边找不到月亮·
横断在天地间·
一片黑雾茫茫·
这混沌的宇宙中·
何处是影子·
影子在何方？
不在天上，
不在地上，
我闭起我的肉眼·
打开智慧的轩窗·
看见了·
找到了，
我那亲切的影子·
笑立在我的心上。

Text by Jianwu Xu

sombre Hellespont!

*Translation © by Christopher Goldsack, from
Mélodie Treasury*

The dark mist

No sun in the east
no moon in the west
traverse between heaven and earth
A dark mist
In this chaotic universe,
Where is the shadow,
Where is the shadow?
not in heaven,
not on the ground,
I close my eyes,
open the door of wisdom,
Saw,
found it,
my dear shadow,
on my heart.

Translation by Chenxi Fu

满江红

怒发冲冠·凭栏处
潇潇雨歇。
抬望眼，仰天长啸·
壮怀激烈。
三十功名尘与土·
八千里路云和月。
莫等闲白了少年头·空悲切。
靖康耻，犹未雪。
臣子恨，何时灭？
驾长车踏破贺兰山缺。
壮志饥餐胡虏肉·
笑谈渴饮匈奴血。
待从头收拾旧山河·朝天阙。

Text by Fei Yue

The River All Red

Bristling with anger, I'm leaning on the
railings,
and it has stopped raining.
Looking into the distance and howling up to
the sky,
I'm full of ambition.
As a general of thirty my achievement is as
small as dust.
On the long way of fighting I've experienced a
lot of ups and downs.
I mustn't fritter away my youth, and remorse
will be in vain when my hair grows grey.
The humiliation of the Jingkang incident has
not been washed away.
As a minister, when can I extinguish my
resentment?
I'm going to fiercely attack Helan Mountains
in my chariot.
With ambition to win the war I'll eat the flesh
of the enemy when hungry.
Talking and laughing, I'll drink the invaders'
blood when thirsty.
Determined to start all over again and regain
the old land, I can pay homage to the former
capital of the empire.

Translation by Kenan Zhou

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Elgin Lee, *collaborative piano* (GD '24)

Student of Jonathan Feldman

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Joan Herget, *cello* (BM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Hyelim Kong, *viola* (MM)

Student of Nicholas Cords

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Shuqi Yang, *soprano* (GD)

Student of Carole Haber

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Haoyang Shi, *viola* (BM)

Student of Nicholas Cords

Wednesday, May 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Jin Yu, *tenor* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Wednesday, May 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Jooyeon Park, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Karen Holvik

Wednesday, May 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Rafe Schaberg, *piano* (BM)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

Thursday, May 4, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Gayeon Lee, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

Thursday, May 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Soyeon Park, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Thomas Martin

Thursday, May 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

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